

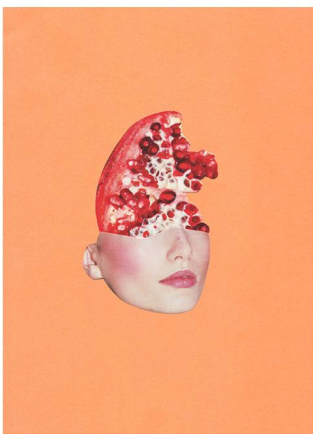
# different



## an online zine



*For anybody who has ever felt “different”.*



*Fruithoofd II*, 2017.

Collage on paper.

**Sophie Vanhomwegen**

@sophie\_vanhomwegen

[www.sophievanhomwegen.be](http://www.sophievanhomwegen.be)



# DEAR READER...



Dear reader,

What is normal? The word is ironic, for how can we be normal if that means we have learned to suppress our desires to blindly follow society's set of rules? Is it normal to follow others? To convince ourselves that anybody who strays is lost? Is it normal to want to fit in? Is it normal to want to stand out?

Did somebody build the boxes we are put in? The boxes we must check off? Or are we frantically running in circles, desperately trying to convince ourselves that we have shaped our lives?



What race are we in? What is the prize? Is anybody actually winning?

We have learned to let others make decisions for us, for as children, we had no limitations. Boxes were rocket ships that could fly us to the moon. No idea was ridiculed, no decision was wrong in our minds. It's no wonder we were happier – we were normal. We were free.

We think we have more control as we get older, but we submit instead. To children, nobody is different. Children do not initially define others by their ability to conform; they see normalcy as existing as an individual until taught otherwise.

And what is different? Does it separate us? Connect us? Define us?

What if differences were celebrated? Not ridiculed? What if the box builder did not decide what was right or what was wrong? What if we didn't let them?

In my first curation: Discover, I encouraged individuals to discover themselves through art; I believed that a selection process was limiting, debilitating. I wanted all people to be able to produce works without boundaries. With this curation, it was my mission to do the same.

Thank you for giving these works impact. For allowing the authentic beings behind these pieces to find freedom. For acknowledging that differences are beautiful. For accepting the contrast of pieces. Of personalities. Of perceptions. Of people.

To the artists, thank you for refusing to hold back. For putting a piece of yourself into something external and allowing people all over the globe to hold onto it forever. Let's continue to take the boxes we are given and fly them, like rocket ships, to the moon. I hope you go on an adventure.

Much love,  
Rebecca McLaren



\*All work is the propriety of its original artist. Thoughts and opinions expressed in the works in this publication belong to each individual and independent author.\*

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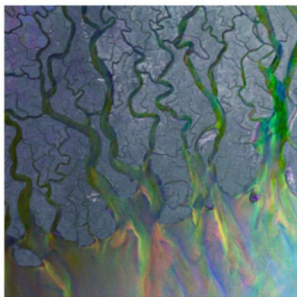


# MUSIC

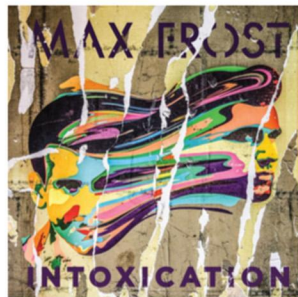
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# something “different” to spice up your playlist



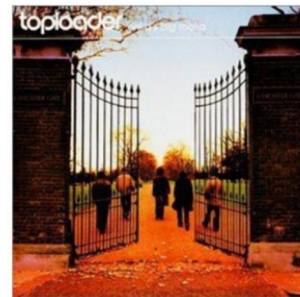
Breezeblocks  
by alt-J  
album An Awesome Wave



Die Young  
by Max Frost  
album Intoxication - EP



Legendary  
by POWERS  
album Legendary



Dancing In the Moonlight  
by Toploader  
album Onka's Big Moka



I Don't Want You Back  
by BORN\$  
album I Don't Want You Back  
Single



Loving Is Easy  
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Watch  
by Billie Eilish  
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I've Been Thinking Hard  
by Yellow Days  
album Is Everything Okay World?



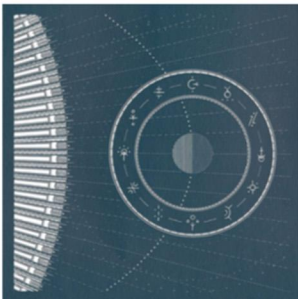
Lovefool  
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Good Together  
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Dreams Tonite  
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album Luv Is Rage 2

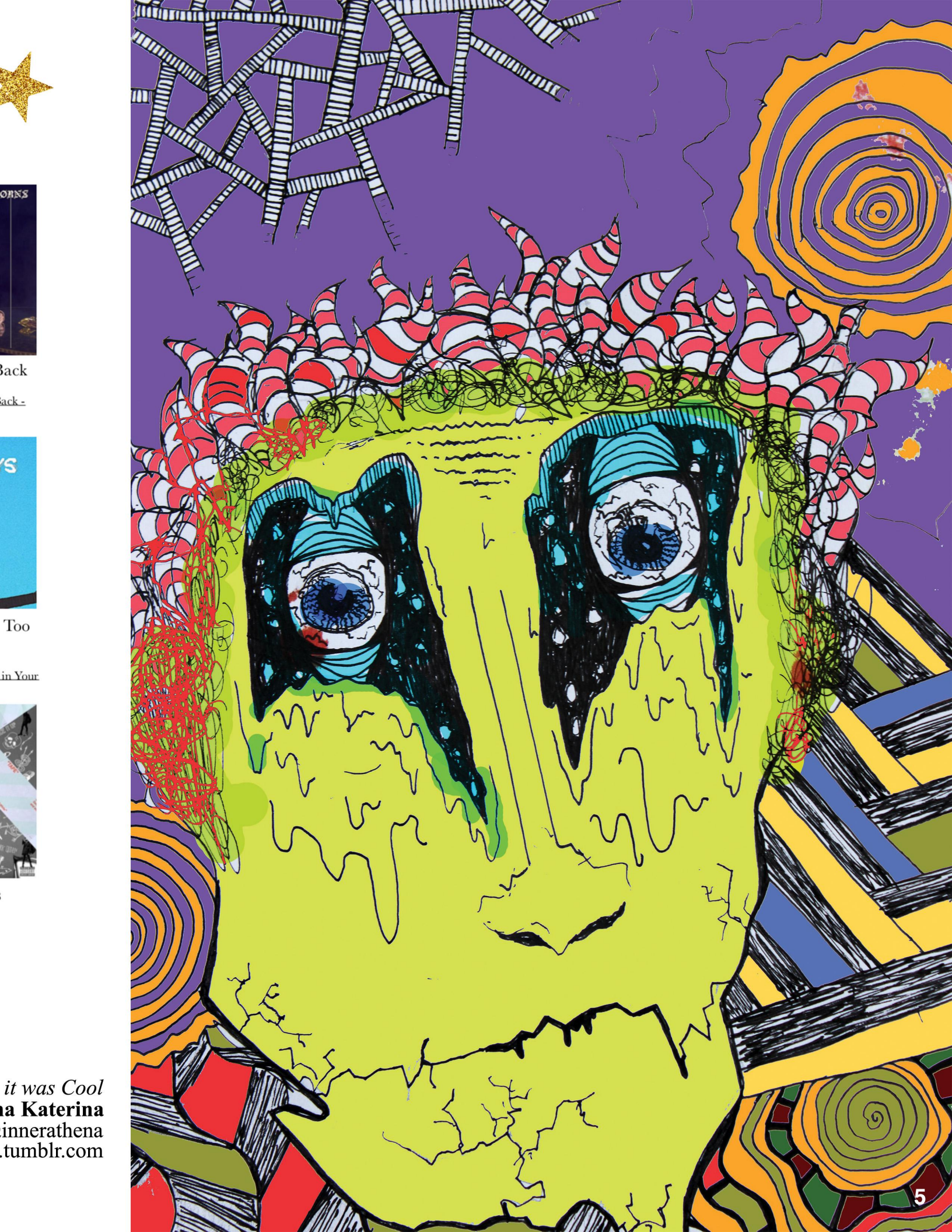
**Matthew Conacher**  
@mattconacher



*I Melted My Face Before*  
**Athena**  
@  
innerathena







Back  
back -



Too

in Your



it was Cool  
a Katerina  
innerathena  
tumblr.com







*Drip Lip*  
**Amanda Benaim**  
@art\_amandabenaim

# VAGUE





# inquire



Jamie Michelle Hong

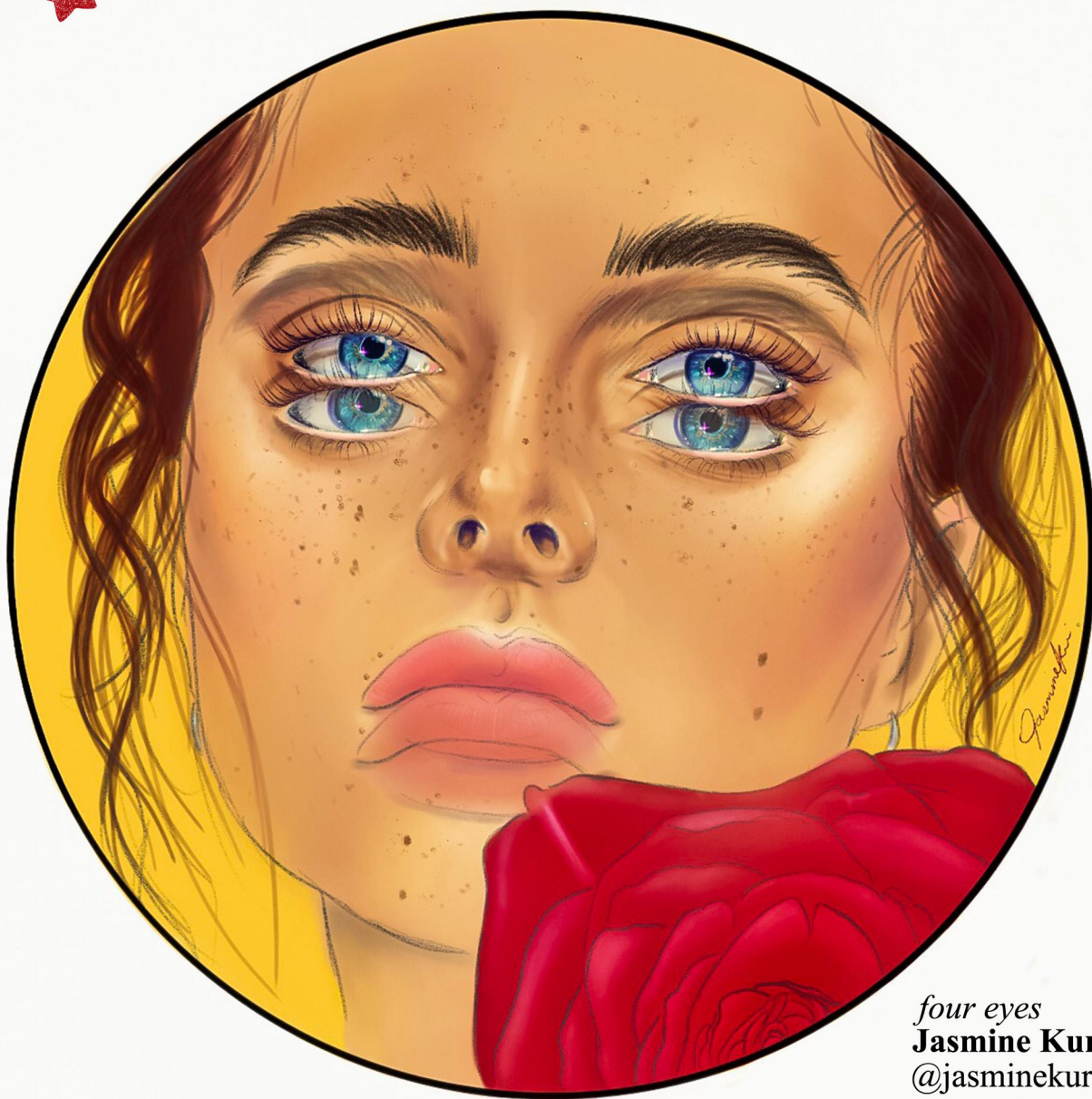






*Forest Eyes, Alexander Lam @alxznder*





*four eyes*  
**Jasmine Kuri**  
@jasminekuri









# take it from me

## ~bryn mccutcheon

@brynym

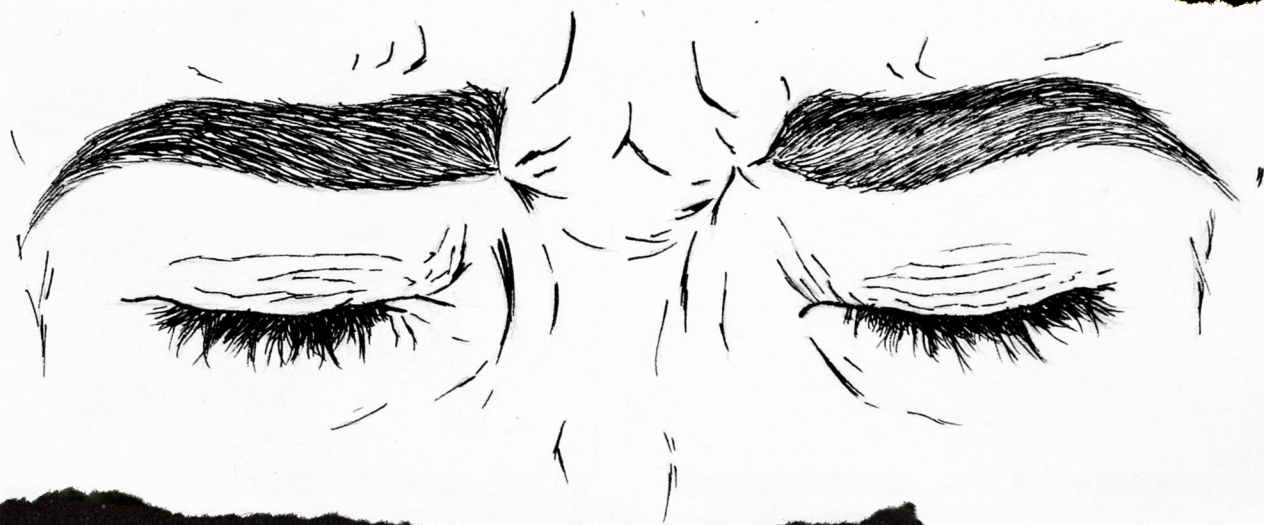
take it from me  
frost blooms in spirals  
blood spills like wine  
and both taste like sugar to me

He is never quite sated  
take it from me  
His hands are too rough  
blood spills like wine  
i give like i need to  
He is never quite sated  
i never asked to be trapped here  
His hands are too rough

i give  
i give like I need to  
i give  
i never asked to be trapped here













Class  
Simran Tamber



Hide & Seek  
Simran Tamber



Untitled, 2016  
Lucia Wallace

@art\_journal\_by\_lucia  
Embroidery and Shell on hand-  
dyed silk, 30cm x 60cm, \$200







*Spreading*







Sago Palm  
**Leah Jean**  
@lxxhjxxn  
lxxhjxxn.com





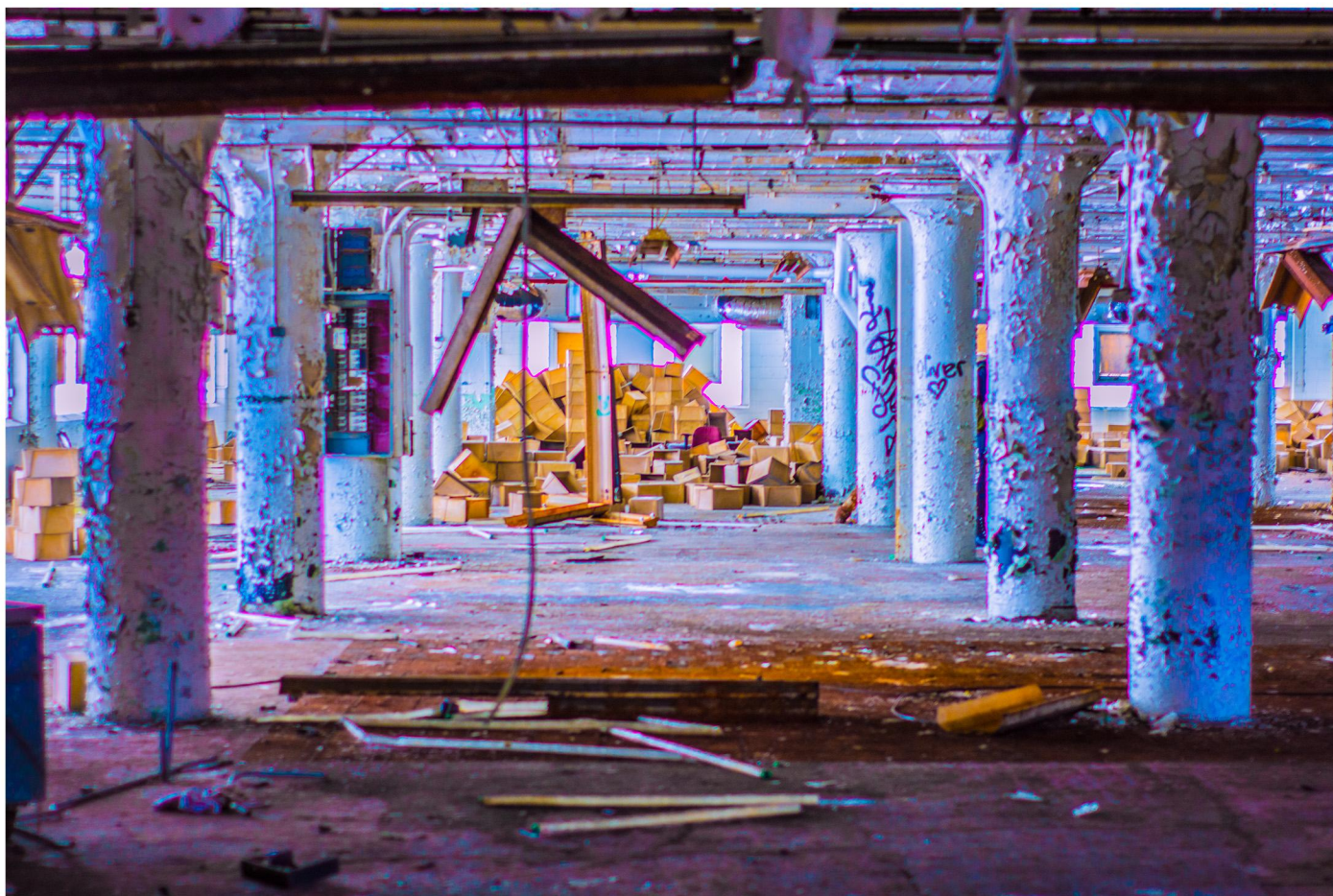
















*Love Yourself, Emily Morse*







[redbubble.com/people/spooktacularrem?asc=u](https://redbubble.com/people/spooktacularrem?asc=u)  
[society6.com/spooktacularrem](https://society6.com/spooktacularrem)





*breaking silence*  
**Arreis**  
@artbyarreis







Adina Vlasov

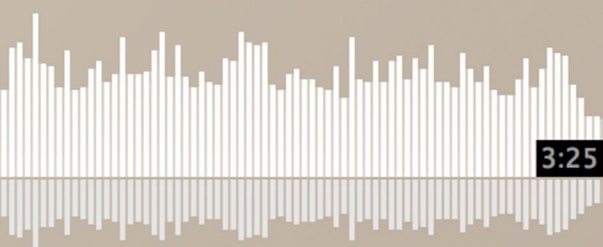
Only If



**Luke Phillips**  
@lizard.phillips



14 days ago



*Only If*  
**Adina Vlasov**  
@adinavlasov  
@adinavlasovmusic  
Youtube



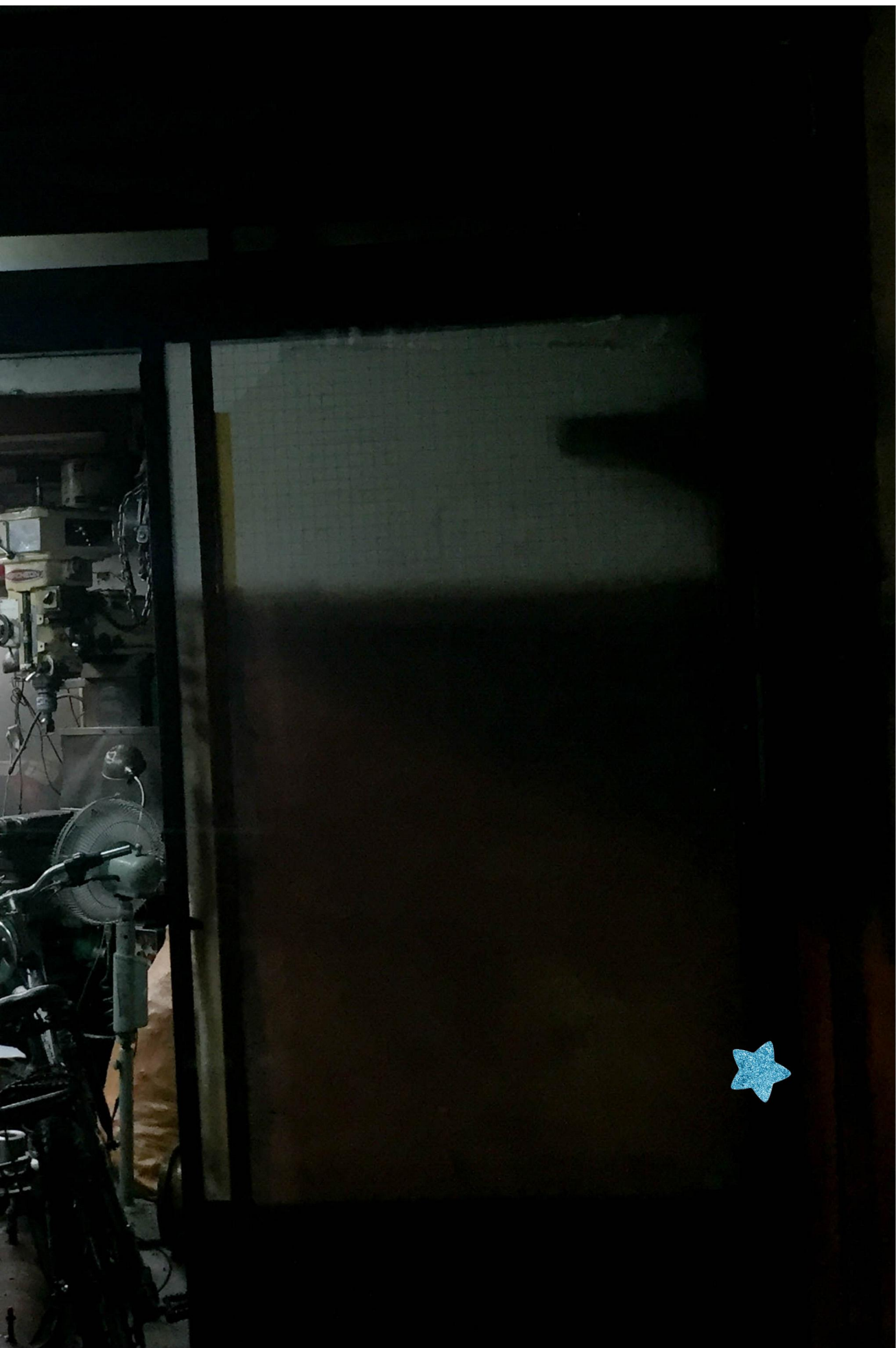
태화정공

사출금형  
제작  
선반밀링

T.2632-4738







*On the Outside Looking In, **Abigail Tung**, @abitions*





*A venture into my depression and by ability to still look good while decaying. Done with charcoal and acrylic (2015).*

*Is this me?*, Sawroop Sandhu @sawroopsandhu





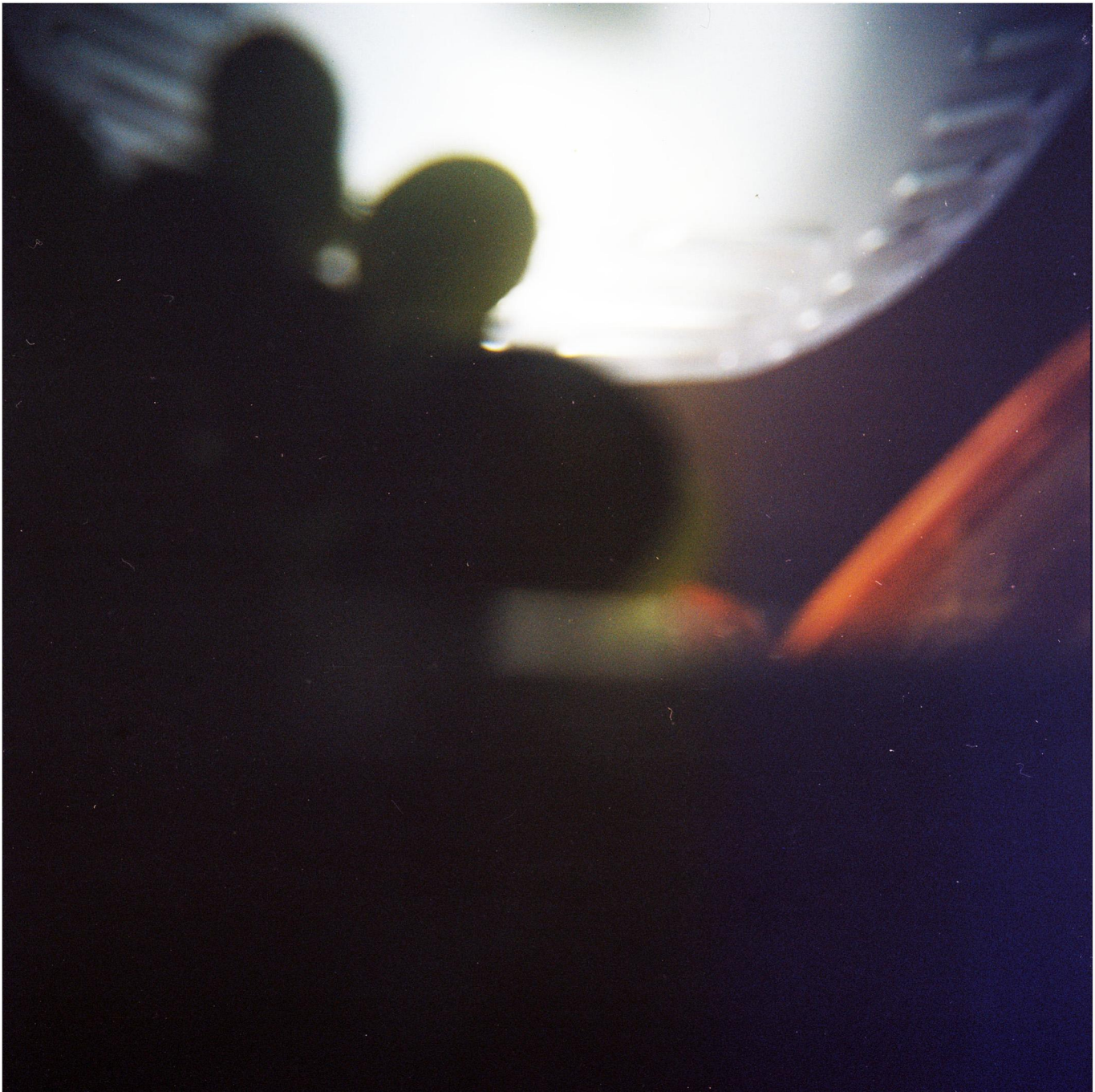
*Amber Halloween*  
**Isabella Fitzsimons**  
[tumblr.com/blog/fitzart](https://tumblr.com/blog/fitzart)  
[@izzy\\_fitzsimons](https://www.instagram.com/izzy_fitzsimons)



*Through the Crowd*  
**Abigail Tung**  
[@abitions](https://www.instagram.com/abitions)







*Grapes*  
**Becca Serena**  
**@coldstrawberries**



[The hal  
of the  
out and  
pulled  
little

"Jacque  
to say.

"Well,  
listene

"I hear  
ones. I  
on. Jac  
grip mi  
Jacquel  
faster.

"Alfred  
sound o  
breath

"You st  
respons  
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go." Ja

"It's a  
movemen

"There  
fight t  
could h  
of the  
head.

"Alfred  
Jacquel

"That's  
okay. H  
him. Th

"Two."

Alfred  
moments  
dauntin



The following piece contains subject matter related to suicide and death.

#### The hallway went silent

Always went silent. The silence was an uncomfortable one. The type where anything could happen. One of many doors in the hallway opened up. Out stepped a tall guy, Jacqueline Morris. Behind him stepped another guy around the same age, Alfred Bishop, whose eyes were clouded; unable to see. Jacqueline followed Alfred behind him, hand-in-hand. Alfred followed behind, not saying a word. Jacqueline also made noise. His footsteps hushed and his hand tightly intertwined with Alfred's.

"Jacqueline, where are we going?" Alfred asked with concern. Jacqueline looked at the ground, unsure of what

"What do you hear? What do you feel?" Jacqueline said, after a silence of contemplation. Alfred nodded.

"I can hear them behind us. Their footsteps uneven. Each clunking step they take, we take two quick soft steps. I can hear your breath. It's shaking and uneven," he paused for a moment as if unsure to continue. Jacqueline did not say a word "I feel my steps getting heavier from all the walking. I feel your hand tightening. I can feel my heart beating faster and your pulse matching the same rhythm." Jacqueline paused and started leading Alfred towards a direction to the right. "I feel our pace getting faster."

"We will go where they will not find us. We will go to a place where we shan't worry about the footsteps behind us. We will go to a place where silence is not to be feared." Jacqueline said his voice unsteady.

"I stopped," Alfred stood still. Jacqueline no longer tugged his hand forward. "Is everything okay?" No answer came. Alfred felt Jacqueline's hands untangle themselves from his. "Jacqueline?" Alfred felt until his hands met with his friend's shoulders. Alfred shook him gently, his own ears picking up his own footstep sounds from the far distance. "I can hear them coming. They are drawing near. We should go." Jacqueline moved Alfred's hands off him and they fell to Alfred's sides.

"We are at a dead end," muttered Jacqueline. His voice is raspy and low. Alfred turned towards the sound of footsteps from a ways away, his lack of sight doing him no good.

"It doesn't sound to be too many of them, right? How many bullets do you have? We should be able to take them off?" Alfred tried to hold still, listening, but Jacqueline's shaking filled his ears. He heard no wind, no voices, just movement. Jacqueline then held still, his own eyes glued to the end of the hallway, seeing all Alfred could not. Seeing a fate he did not wish to live, Jacqueline lowered his head.

"I know, I think you're right. I know what I need to do. I have just enough ammo." Alfred relaxed. Jacqueline had spoken in a low reassuring tone.

"How good how many bullets do you have?" Alfred asked cheerfully happy that everything was going to be alright. He heard clicking, the sound of a gun being prepared to shoot. He heard Jacqueline turn towards him when his question was answered.

"I fell to the floor with a loud thud, greeting the silence that Jacqueline had spoken to him about before. A silence that will welcome both of them with ease. One that draws them away from the clunking footsteps that follow where they go. The silence that heals."

*The Hallway went Silent*  
MLXr







A study of the female body that allows me to speak about the, current, colourful positivity of my own queerness. Done with water colour and acrylic.



# WHO DOES MY BODY

I'm afraid to cut my hair / to let them see the  
weeds that grow in the dark corners of my body /  
to have my nipples offend them

## BELONG TO?

Will they think it's a political statement?

Isn't it?

*Who does my body belong to?, Ariana Magliocco*



YEAH ... that is me ASSHOLE  
Talk to me ... i am lonely STOP sh  
Look at me ... i need your love  
DON'T STOP  
I have 2 ears  
looking at me ... you are making me feel  
STOP. STOP. I said just fucking  
STOP. STOP. I said just fucking  
YEAH  
Talk to me ... that is me  
Look at me ...  
DON'T STOP  
I have 2 ears  
looking at me ... you are making me feel  
STOP. I said just fucking ST





Look at me ... I need your love  
Don't STOP  
shouting at me ... I have 2 ears  
e 2 ears  
you are making me feel weird  
id just fucking **STOP**  
AH ... that is me ASSHOLE  
... i am lonely  
me ... i need your love









# teeth

bryn mccutcheon  
@brynm



the scraping of spoon on teeth  
two mouths  
one spoon

surrounded - swallowed by ceilings  
and unboxes of unthings  
that don't matter till they're unraveled  
surrounded - I am

hair matted and marred - the tar of sleepless eyes  
I have tried  
I swear I've tried  
to get past the

scraping of spoon on teeth  
two mouths  
one spoon

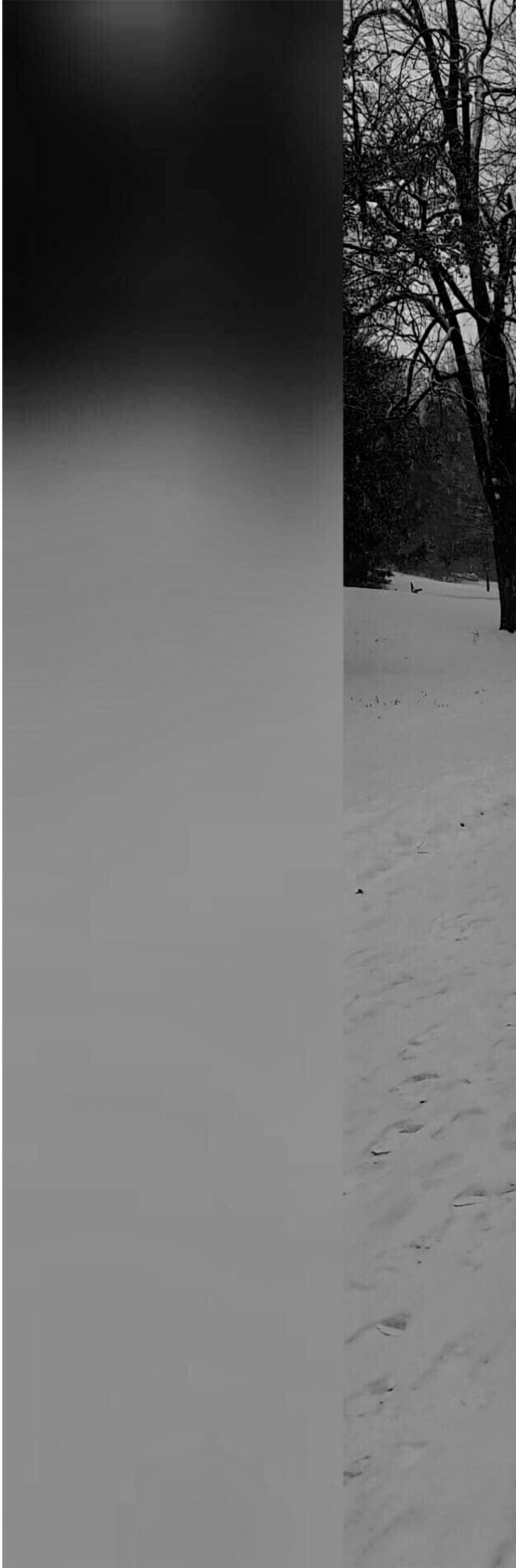
*Platinum Grillz, Amanda Benaim* @art\_amandabenaim







*Snow in Autumn - written for my boyfriend*  
**Ashley Landesman**  
@ashley.landesman







The air is drunk on frost bitten  
fall leaves.  
Your eyes meet mine for the first  
time (a wave  
is crashing into rocky shores)  
like thieves  
or pirates seeking treasure in a  
cave.

My chest is hollow, carved with a  
steel knife.  
This wall I built to protect from  
the storm,  
So great that China's would  
stagger in strife,  
Is destroyed by every act you  
perform.

Is it too soon for us to surrender  
this fleeting sense of timeless  
moments now?  
Our days seem to blend in my  
calendar.  
With each soft kiss, I am more  
yours somehow.

Thick snowflakes shield the sun  
and drown the light,  
Our flame keeps burning brighter  
through the night.



## If Wishes came true

Potato glanced at Pomegranate. Pomegranate's outer skin shone a dull shine in the fluorescent kitchen light. Alas, Potato lived his life as a vegetable. His life as a potato sealed his fate to be wed with his own kind. Pomegranate being a fruit made it impossible for the two to reproduce, yet the feelings still remained.

Every once in awhile Potato would be carefully placed on the countertop. The same countertop where pomegranate is fruit bowl sat. That made Potato ever so giddy.

One November night in the potato sack, Potato overheard some rumours—those of which contained Pomegranate's defilement. Worried about what might happen, Potato made his best efforts to see Pomegranate as soon as possible. His attempts made no difference and were in vain. Instead, his family members were chosen. Day after day he watched his brothers, sisters, and more leave the potato sack they called home.

It happened, late at night, Potato woke from his slumber to find himself no longer in the sack. He moved from the sack to the kitchen counter countertop. There he witnessed his alternative fate, one kept hidden from him until now. His cousin potato, sliced by a razor sharp knife. His sister potato, boiled in hot water and with neighbour carrot. Potato made a mad dash out of danger's way and rolled into a deep, smelly pit.

He could see the fruit he longed for eternity, through the thick layer of Darkness. Pomegranate's stem no longer shown a dull shine and was ugly in colour. He appeared soft and mushy. Potato secreted smells of joy. His wish came true. If only Pomegranate were alive to see his tears of happiness. They seemed to last forever. The days in which Potato admired Pomegranate from afar. Potato sat crying for a day in the dark pit, mourning Pomegranate's lack of life. Yet little did he know, the days until they meet would not be long. \*

\*Potato eventually meets Pomegranate in the food afterlife. Yet his heart will be broken because Pomegranate already loves Carrot...



*If Wishes came true*  
**MLXr**











**Luke Phillips**  
@lizard.phillips



*reflection*  
**Ashley Landesman**  
@ashley.landesman











Pride Flies, **Becca Serena** @coldstrawberries





I'm a marginalized minority,  
and I'm not talking about my skin.  
I'm doomed because my heart lies with people  
who have two X chromosomes and buy Tampax slim.



I can't hold my partner's hand in public,  
Without being scared someone's gonna talk shit.  
Or even worse  
that we're gonna get smacked.  
Hit.  
By some folk who thinks it's wrong to love without  
dick.

We're still hanging on hangers with cardigans.  
We're sorting your shoes alphabetically by designer.  
This is where you hide when you're a flaming homo.  
This is where you hide when you could be murdered  
in your own home.



Everyday BuzzFeed comes out with out with news of how the  
gay agenda is progressing for a few,  
and a matching article of how we lost another two.  
And sometimes there's wins, but mostly we lose.

Don't keep telling us we have it better than before.  
Children of the rainbow.  
I know we owe it to the stonewallers who said  
No.  
But I can tell you,  
On the streets we still have to hang low  
And I'm from "gay-ass" Toronto.

And maybe you think BuzzFeed is some bullshit,  
and all out for the clicks.  
But at least they give a shit  
and acknowledge we ain't finished yet.

I'm a lucky queer, I got educated friends.  
They'll knock out any stranger and come to my defense,  
but what about all the people who are solo in the brawl.  
When going gets tough, they're the ones that are gonna fall.

And some of you are cheering and some of you might hate,  
having a gay coloured woman tell you what's wrong  
in the world of late.  
But thank you for listening  
Because it is time.



We spread the word to enemies.  
We educate the lost.  
Cause straight people have power.  
Please help us.  
It's at no cost.

One day I hope to see a world where same love is not a crime,  
But I'm realistic I know there's no finish it's a constant climb.

I don't ask for much, I just wanna hold her hand.  
And see that acceptance is not just for one woman and one man.  
Or that because a white gay male couple made it on TV we're  
all fine.  
Cause maybe he's fine,  
but what about the shes and the theys  
This battle isn't just queers versus straights.  
The marginalized have a hierarchy too that exists today.

I am not religious, but I do pray to the sky.  
And if I need to I'll get down on my knees and I'll cry.  
That nobody else has to wait for their family to die  
so that they can have the chance to walk  
down the aisle.





Untitled, 2016  
**Lucia Wallace**  
@art\_journal\_by\_  
Embroidery, wool,



*FOUR THE SILENT*  
**Arreis**  
@artbyarreis



Lucia  
and glass beads on cotton, 35cm x 45cm, \$150





*Silent Peace*  
**Alexa Zhang**  
@amatshots

*Special thank you to all contributors:*



*Abigail Tung  
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Jasmine Kuri  
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Luke Phillips  
Matt Conacher  
MLXr  
Roscoe  
Sawroop Sandhu  
Simran Tamber  
Sophie Vanhomwegen  
Valentina Caballero*







**different // january 2018**  
**curated by rebecca mclaren**